

SAINT IGNATIUS
SUNDAY SCHOOL.

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HYMNS, CAROLS
And Chants,

MAR 19 1935

FOR THE

Sunday School Children

OF

St. Ignatius' Church,

BALTIMORE.

BALTIMORE:

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ADVENT.

Rorate Cœli.

RORATE, cœli, desuper, et nubes pluant Justum.
Ne irascaris, Domine, ne ultra memineris iniquitatis :

Ecce civitas Sancti facta est deserta :
Sion deserta facta est ; Jerusalem desolata est :
Domus sanctificationis Tuæ, et gloriae Tuæ :
Ubi laudaverunt Te patres nostri.

Rorate cœli, etc

Peccavimus, et facti sumus tamquam immundi nos
Et cecidimus quasi folium universi,
Et iniquitates nostræ quasi ventus abstulerunt nos ;
Abscondisti faciem Tuam a nobis,
Et allisisti nos in manu iniquitatis nostræ.

Rorate, cœli, etc.

Vide, Domine, afflictionem populi Tui ;
Et mitte quem missurus es :
Emitte Agnum Dominatorem terræ de petra deserti,
Ad montem filiæ Sion :
Ut auferat Ipse jngam captivitatis nostræ.

Rorate, cœli, etc.

Consolamini, consolamini, popule meus :
Cito veniet salus tua :
Quare mœrore consumeris ? quare innovavit te
dolor ?
Salvabo te : noli timere :
Ego enim sum Dominus Deus tuus.
Rorate, cœli, etc.
Sanctus Israel Redemptor tuus.

The Star of the Sea.

1 O PUREST of creatures, sweet Mother, sweet Maid,
 The one spotless womb wherein Jesus was laid :
 Dark night hath come down on us, Mother, and
 we,
 Look out for thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea.

2 Deep night hath come down on this rough-
 spoken world,
 And the banners of darkness are boldly unfurled;
 And the tempest-tossed Church, all her eyes are
 on thee :
 They look to thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea.

3 The Church doth what God had first taught
 her to do ;
 He looked o'er the world to find hearts that
 were true ;
 Through the ages He looked, and He found
 none but thee,
 And He loved thy clear shining, sweet Star of
 the Sea.

4 O, blissful and calm was the wonderful rest
 That thou gavest thy God in thy virginal breast;
 For the heaven He left He found heaven in
 thee,
 And He shone in thy shining, sweet Star of the
 Sea.

5 So age after age in the Church has gone round,
 And the Saints new inventions of homage have
 found,
 New titles of honor, new honors for thee,
 New love for thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea.

6 So worship we God in these rude latter days;
 So worship we Jesus, our Love, when we praise
 His wonderful grace in the gifts He gave thee,
 The gift of clear shining, sweet Star of the Sea.

7 Deep night hath come down on us, Mother,
 deep night,
 And we need more than ever the guide of thy
 light ;
 For the darker the night is, the brighter should
 be
 Thy beautiful shining, sweet Star of the Sea.

The Immaculate Conception.

1 O MOTHER ! I could weep for mirth,
 Joy fills my heart so fast ;
 My soul to-day is heaven on earth,
 O could the transport last !
 I think of thee, and what thou art,
 Thy majesty, thy state ;
 And I keep singing in my heart,—
 Immaculate ! Immaculate !

2 It is this thought to-day that lifts
 My happy heart to heaven,
 That for our sakes thy choicest gifts
 To thee, dear Queen ! were given.
 I think of thee, &c.

3 O blessed be the Eternal Son,
 Who joys to call thee Mother,
 And lets poor men by sin undone
 For thy sake call Him Brother.
 I think of thee, &c.

4 Immaculate Conception ! far
 Above all graces blest !
 Thou shinest like a royal star
 On God's Eternal Breast !
 I think of thee, &c.

5 God prosper thee, my Mother dear !
 God prosper thee, my Queen !
 God prosper His own glory here,
 As it hath ever been !
 I think of thee, &c.

Our Lady's Expectation.

1 LIKE the dawning of the morning
 On the mountain's golden heights,
 Like the breaking of the moonbeams
 • On the gloom of cloudy nights,
 Like a secret told by angels,
 Getting known upon the earth,
 Is the Mother's Expectation
 Of Messiah's speedy birth !

2 Thou wert happy, blessed Mother !
 With the very bliss of heaven,
 Since the angel's salutation
 In thy raptured ear was given ;
 Since the Ave of that midnight,
 When thou wert anointed Queen,
 Like a river overflowing
 Hath the grace within thee been.

3 And what wonders have been in thee
 All the day and all the night,
 While the Angels fell before thee,
 To adore the Light of Light.

While the glory of the Father
 Hath been in thee as a home,
 And the sceptre of creation
 Hath been wielded in thy womb.

4 Thou hast waited, Child of David !
 And thy waiting now is o'er !
 Thou hast seen Him, blessed Mother !
 And wilt see Him evermore !
 O, His Human Face and Features,
 They were passing sweet to see ;
 Thou beholdest them this moment ;
 Mother, show them now to me !

Hymn of St. Casimir to the B. V. Mary.

1 DAILY, daily, sing to Mary,
 Sing, my soul, her praises due ;
 All her feasts, her actions worship,
 With the heart's devotion true.
 Lost in wond'ring contemplation,
 Be her Majesty confest ;
 Call her Mother, call her Virgin,
 Happy Mother, Virgin blest.

2 Sing, my tongue, the Virgin's trophies,
 Who for us her Maker bore ;
 For the curse of old inflicted,
 Peace and blessing to restore.
 Sing in songs of praise unending,
 Sing the world's majestic Queen :
 Weary not, nor faint in telling,
 All the gifts she gives to men.

3 Holy Mary, we implore thee
 By thy purity divine;
 Help us, bending here before thee,
 Help us truly to be thine.
 Thou, unfolding wide the portals
 Of the kingdom in the skies,
 Holy Virgin, hast to mortals,
 Shown the land of Paradise.

4 Thou, when deepest night infernal
 Had for ages shrouded man,
 Gavest us that light eternal
 Promised since the world began.
 God in thee hath showered plenty
 On the hungry and the weak :
 Sending back the mighty empty,
 Setting up on high the meek.

5 Teach, oh ! teach us, holy Mother,
 How to conquer every sin,
 How to love and help each other,
 How the prize of life to win.
 Thou to whom a Child was given,
 Greater than the sons of men,
 Coming down from highest heaven
 To create this world again.

6 Oh ! by that Almighty Maker,
 Whom thyself, a virgin, bore ;
 Oh ! by thy supreme Creator,
 Linked with thee for evermore ;
 By the hope thy name inspires ;
 By our doom, reversed through thee ;
 Help us, Queen of Angel-choirs,
 To a blest eternity.

Tota Pulchra.

TOTA pulchra es Maria,
 Tota pulchra es Maria,
 Et macula originalis non est in te,
 Et macula originalis non est in te,
 Tu gloria Jerusalem,
 Tu lætitia Israel,
 Tu honorificentia populi nostri,
 Tu advocata peccatorum.

O Maria, O Maria,
 Virgo prudentissima,
 Mater clementissima,
 Ora pro nobis,
 Intercede pro nobis,
 Ad Dominum Jesum Christum.

Inviolata.

INVOLATA integra et casta es, Maria,
 Quæ es effecta fulgida cœli porta,
 O Mater alma Christi carissima,
 Suscipe pia laudum præconia,
 Nostra ut pura pectora sint et corpora,
 Te nunc flagitant devota corda et ora.
 Tua per precata dulcisona,
 Nobis concedas veniam per sœcula.
 O Benigna! O Regina! O Maria!
 Quæ sola inviolata permansisti.

CHRISTMAS.

Adeste fideles.

ADESTE fideles
 Læti triumphantes,
 Venite, venite in Bethlehem :
 Natum videte
 Regem Angelorum,
 Venite, adoremus,
 Venite, adoremus,
 Venite, adoremus Dominum.

Deum de Deo,
 Lumen de lumine,
 Gestant puellæ viscera ;
 Deum verum
 Genitum non factum,
 Venite, &c.

Cantet nunc Io !
 Chorus Angelorum ;
 Cantet nunc aula cœlestium
 Gloria
 In excelsis Deo,
 Venite, &c.

Ergo, qui natus
 Die hodierna
 Jesu ! tibi sit gloria,
 Patris æterni
 Verbum caro factum,
 Venite, &c.

Gloria in Excelsis Deo.

1 ANGELS we have heard on high,
 Sweetly singing o'er our plains,
 And the mountains in reply,
 Echo back their joyous strains ;
 Sing, oh sing, this blessed morn,
 Jesus Christ to-day is born :
 Gloria in excelsis Deo !

2 Shepherds, why this jubilee ?
 Why your rapturous strain prolong ?
 Say, what may the tidings be,
 Which inspire your heavenly song ?
 Sing, oh sing, this blessed morn,
 Jesus Christ to-day is born :
 Gloria in excelsis Deo !

3 Come to Bethlehem, come, and see
 Him whose birth the angels sing ;
 Come, adore on bended knee,
 Th' infant Christ, the new-born King :
 Sing, oh sing this blessed morn,
 Jesus Christ to-day is born :
 Gloria in excelsis Deo !

4 See within a manger laid,
 Jesus, Lord of heaven and earth !
 Mary, Joseph, lend your aid,
 With us sing our Saviour's birth.
 Sing, oh sing this blessed morn,
 Jesus Christ to-day is born :
 Gloria in excelsis Deo !

The Crib of Bethlehem.

- 1 O SING a joyous carol
Unto the Holy Child,
And praise with gladsome voices
His Mother undefiled:
Our youthful voices greeting
Shall hail our Infant King;
And our sweet Lady listens,
When children's voices sing.
- 2 Who is there meekly lying
In yonder stable poor?
Dear children, it is Jesus:
He bids you now adore.
Who is there kneeling by Him,
In virgin beauty fair?
It is our Mother Mary;
She bids you all draw near.
- 3 Who is there near the manger
That guards the Holy Child?
It is the great Saint Joseph,
Chaste Spouse of Mary mild:
Dear children, oh, how joyful
With them in Heaven to be!
God grant that none be missing
From that festivity.

Christmas Day.

EARTHLY friends will change and falter,
· Earthly hearts will vary:
He is born that cannot alter,
Of the Virgin Mary:
Born to-day—raise the lay:
Born to-day—twine the bay:

Jesus Christ is born to suffer,
 Born for you :
 Born for you,—holly strew :
 Jesus Christ was born to conquer,
 Born to save :
 Born to save,—laurel wave :
 Jesus Christ was born to govern,
 Born a King :
 Born a King,—bay-wreaths bring :
 Jesus Christ was born of Mary,
 Born for all !
 Well befall hearth and hall !
 Jesus Christ was born at Christmas,
 Born for all.

The Virgin Mother.

CHRIST was born on Christmas day ;
 Wreathe the holly, twine the bay ;
Christus natus hodie :
 The Babe, the Son, the Holy One of Mary.
 He is born to set us free ;
 He is born our Lord to be,
Ex Maria Virgine :
 The God, the Lord,
 By all adored forever.

Let the bright red berries glow
 Everywhere in goodly show ;
Christus natus hodie :
 The Babe, the Son, the Holy One of Mary.
 Christian men rejoice and sing :
 'Tis the birthday of a King,
Ex Maria Virgine :
 The God, the Lord,
 By all adored forever.

Night of sadness ;
 Morn of gladness
 Evermore :
 Ever, ever :
 After many troubles sore,
 Morn of gladness, evermore and evermore.
 Midnight scarcely passed and over,
 Drawing to this holy morn,
 Very early, very early Christ was born.

Sing out with bliss,
 His name is this ;
 Emmanuel :
 As was foretold
 In days of old
 By Gabriel.
 Midnight scarcely passed and over,
 Drawing to this holy morn,
 Very early, very early Christ was born.

St. Stephen's Day.

- 1 GOOD King Wenceslas looked out,
 On the feast of Stephen ;
 When the snow lay round about,
 Deep, and crisp and even :
 Brightly shone the moon that night,
 Though the frost was cruel,
 When a poor man came in sight,
 Gath'ring winter fuel.
- 2 " Hither, page, and stand by me,
 If thou know'st it telling,
 Yonder peasant, who is he ?
 Where and what his dwelling ? "

“Sire, he lives a good league hence,
 Underneath the mountain ;
 Right against the forest fence,
 By Saint Agnes’ fountain.”

3 “Bring me flesh and bring me wine,
 Bring me pine-logs hither :
 Thou and I will see him dine,
 When we bear them thither.”
 Page and monarch forth they went,
 Forth they went together :
 Through the rude wind’s wild lament
 And the bitter weather.

4 “Sire, the night is darker now,
 And the wind blows stronger ;
 Fails my heart I know not how ;
 I can go no longer.”
 “Mark my footsteps good my page ;
 Tread thou in them boldly :
 Thou shalt find the winter’s rage
 Freeze thy blood less coldly.”

5 In his master’s steps he trod,
 Where the snow lay dinted ;
 Heat was in the very sod
 Which the Saint had printed.
 Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
 Wealth or rank possessing,
 Ye who now will bless the poor,
 Shall yourselves find blessing.

The Epiphany.

1 WE three Kings from Orient are,
 Bearing gifts we traverse afar,

Field and fountain,
Grove and mountain,
Following yonder star.

O star of wonder, star of light,
Star with royal beauty bright ;
Ever leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to thy perfect light.

2 Born a King on Bethlehem plain,
Gold I bring to crown Him again ;
King forever,
Ceasing never,
Over us all to reign.
O star of wonder, &c.

3 Frankincense to offer have I,
Incense breathes a Deity nigh ;
Prayer and praising,
All men raising,
Worship Him, God on high.
O star of wonder, &c.

4 Myrrh I bring, its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom ;
Sorrowing, sighing,
Bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.
O star of wonder, &c.

5 Glorious now behold Him arise,
King and God and Sacrifice ;
Heaven sings
Alleluia !
Alleluia the earth replies.
O star of wonder, &c.

Roman Christmas Carol.

- 1 THE snow lay on the ground,
The stars shone bright,
When Christ our Lord was born
On Christmas night.
- 2 'Twas Mary, daughter pure
Of holy Ann,
That brought into this world
Our God made Man.
- 3 She laid Him in a stall,
At Bethlehem,
The ass and oxen shared
The roof with them.
- 4 Saint Joseph too was by,
To tend the Child,
To guard Him, and protect
His Mother mild.
- 5 The Angels hovered round,
And sang this song,
Venite adore—
mus Dominum.
- 6 And thus, that manger poor
Became a throne :
For He whom Mary bore,
Was God the Son.
- 7 O come then, let us join
The Heav'ly Host,
To praise the Father, Son,
And Holy Ghost.
- 8 Venite adore—
mus Dominum.
Venite adore—
mus Dominum.

Old English Carol.

1 GOD rest you, merry children,
 Let nothing you dismay,
 Remember Christ our Saviour
 Was born on Christmas Day ;
 To save us all from Satan's pow'r
 When we were gone astray ;
 O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort
 and joy,
 O tidings of comfort and joy.

2 In Bethlehem, in Jewry,
 This blessed Babe was born,
 And laid within a manger,
 Upon this blessed Morn ;
 The which His Mother Mary,
 Did nothing take in scorn.
 O tidings, &c.

3 From God our Heavenly Father,
 A blessed Angel came ;
 And unto certain shepherds,
 Brought tidings of the same :
 How that in Bethlehem was born,
 The Son of God by Name.
 O tidings, &c.

4 "Fear not then," said the Angel,
 "Let nothing you affright,
 This day is born a Saviour
 Of a pure Virgin bright,
 To free all those that trust in Him
 From Satan's power and might."
 O tidings, &c.

5 The shepherds at those tidings,
 Rejoiced much in mind,
 And left their flocks a-feeding,
 In tempest, storm, and wind :
 And went to Bethlehem straightway,
 The Son of God to find.
 O tidings, &c.

6 And when they came to Bethlehem,
 Where our dear Saviour lay,
 They found Him in a manger,
 Where oxen feed on hay ;
 His Mother Mary kneeling down,
 Unto the Lord did pray.
 O tidings, &c.

7 Now to the Lord sing praises,
 All you within this place,
 And with true love and brotherhood
 Each other now embrace ;
 The holy tide of Christmas
 All other doth deface.
 O tidings, &c.

A Virgin Unspotted.

1 A VIRGIN unspotted, the Prophet foretold,
 Should bring forth a Saviour, which now we behold,
 To be our Redeemer from death, hell and sin,
 Which Adam's transgression had wrapped us in.
 Aye and therefore be merry, set sorrow aside,
 Christ Jesus our Saviour, was born on this tide.

2 At Bethlehem City in Jewry it was
 That Joseph and Mary together did pass,
 All for to be taxed with many one moe,
 Great Cæsar commanded the same should be so.
 Aye and therefore, &c.

3 But when they had entered the city so fair,
 A number of people so mighty was there,
 That Joseph and Mary, whose substance was small,
 Could find in the inn there no lodging at all.
 Aye and therefore, &c.

4 Then were they constrained in a stable to lie,
 Where horses and asses they used for to tie ;
 Their lodging so simple they took it no scorn,
 But against the next morning our Saviour was born.
 Aye and therefore, &c.

5 The King of all kings to this world being brought,
 Small store of fine linen to wrap Him was sought,
 But when she had swaddled her young Son so sweet,
 Within an ox manger she laid Him to sleep.
 Aye and therefore, &c.

6 Then God sent an angel from Heaven so high,
 To certain poor shepherds in fields where they lie,
 And bade them no longer in sorrow to stay,
 Because that our Saviour was born on this day.
 Aye and therefore, &c.

7 Then presently after the shepherds did spy
 Vast numbers of angels to stand in the sky
 They joyfully talked and sweetly did sing,
 To God be all glory, our heavenly King.
 Aye and therefore, &c.

8 To teach us humility all this was done,
 And learn we from thence haughty pride for to shun :
 A manger His cradle who came from above,
 The great God of mercy, of peace, and of love.
 Aye and therefore, &c.

The First Nowell.

1 THE First Nowell the Angel did say,
 Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay ;
 In fields where they lay keeping their sheep,
 On a cold winter's night that was so deep.
 Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
 Born is the King of Israel.

2 They looked up and saw a Star,
 Shining in the East, beyond them far,
 And to the earth it gave great light,
 And so it continued both day and night.
 Nowell, &c.

3 And by the light of that same Star,
 Three wise men came from country far ;
 To seek for a King was their intent,
 And to follow the Star wherever it went.
 Nowell, &c.

4 This Star drew nigh to the North-west,
 O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
 And there it did both stop and stay,
 Right over the place where Jesus lay.
 Nowell, &c.

5 Then entered in those wise men three,
 Full reverently upon their knee,
 And offered there, in His Presence,
 Their gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.
 Nowell, &c.

5 Then let us all with one accord,
 Sing praises to our Heavenly Lord,
 That hath made heaven and earth of naught,
 And with His Blood mankind hath bought
 Nowell, &c

Children's Coral.

1 WAKEN! Christian children,
 Up and let us sing,
 With glad voice the praises
 Of our new born King.

2 Up! 'tis meet to welcome
 With a joyous lay
 Christ, the King of Glory,
 Born for us to-day.

3 Come, nor fear to seek Him,
 Children though we be;
 Once He said of children
 "Let them come to Me."

4 In a manger lowly
 Sleeps the Heavenly Child;
 O'er him fondly bendeth
 Mary, Mother mild.

5 Far above that stable,
 Up in heaven so high,
 One bright star out-shineth,
 Watching silently.

6 Fear not then to enter,
 Though we cannot bring
 Gold, or myrrh, or incense
 Fitting for a King.

7 Gifts he asketh richer,
 Offerings costlier still,
 Yet may Christian children
 Bring them if they will.

8 Brighter than all jewels
 Shines the modest eye :
 Best of gifts He loveth
 Infant purity.

9 Haste we then to welcome
 With a joyous lay
 Christ, the King of Glory,
 Born for us to-day.

Glory to God.

1 WHEN Christ was born of Mary free,
 In Bethlehem, that fair citie,
 Angels sang there with mirth and glee.
 In excelsis Gloria, In excelsis Gloria, etc.

2 Herds-men beheld these Angels bright,
 To them appearing with great light,
 Who said God's Son is born to-night,
 In excelsis Gloria, etc.

3 The King is come to save mankind,
 As in Scripture truths we find,
 Therefore this song we have in mind,
 In excelsis Gloria, etc.

4 Then, dear Lord, for Thy great grace,
 Grant us in bliss to see Thy face,
 That we may sing to Thy solace,
 In excelsis Gloria, etc

The Angel's Song.

1 JOSEPH was a just man,
 A just man was he ;
 He married sweet Mary,
 The Queen of Galilee.

2 As Joseph was a-praying,
 He heard Angels sing,
 " This night there shall be born
 Our heavenly King.

3 " He neither shall be born
 In house nor in hall,
 Nor in the place of Paradise,
 But in an ox-stall.

4 " He shall not be clothed
 In purple or pall ;
 But all in fair linen,
 As wear babies all.

5 " He shall not be rocked
 In silver nor gold,
 But in a wooden cradle
 That rocks on the mould.

6 "He neither shall be washed
 In milk nor in wine,
 But in pure spring-well water,
 Fresh sprung from Bethine."

7 Mary took her baby,
 She dressed Him so sweet,
 She laid Him in a manger
 All there for to sleep.

8 As she stood over Him
 She heard Angels sing,
 "Oh! bless our dear Saviour,
 Our heavenly King."

Christmas! Christmas!

CHRISTMAS! Christmas! Christmas!

1 Christ was born on Christmas day,
 Let nations all rejoice,
 In singing praises to His Name,
 Raise ev'ry head and voice
 He came the Saviour to release,
 From Satan's bonds set free,
 To rest in peace with Him above
 To all eternity.

2 Jesus Christ was born to-day,
 His triumphs let us sing,
 Redeemed souls, as best we may,
 Thank Him, our new-born King.
 Though lowly born, and lowly laid,
 Where angels do adore,
 The Name of Him whose glories great
 Will shine for evermore. Amen.

A Christmas Carol.

1 LET us sing the praise of Him,
 Oh! let our tongues not falter,
 He was born to be our King,
 Whose glory ne'er can alter ;
 All praise be giv'n,
 On earth or Heav'n,
 Alleluia! Amen.

2 In a manger lowly laid,
 And where the shepherds found him,
 Ev'ry homage be Him paid,
 By those who kneel before Him ;
 Raise ev'ry voice,
 Let earth rejoice,
 Alleluia! Amen.

3 Born to-day, sing loud the lay,
 From hearts that cannot vary,
 Christ is born for us this day,
 Born of the spotless Mary ;
 Redeemer King,
 Thy praise we sing,
 Alleluia! Amen.

L E N T.

Stabat Mater.

STABAT Mater dolorosa,
 Juxta crucem lacrymosa,
 Dum pendebat Filius.
 Cujus animam gementem,
 Contristatam, et dolentem,
 Pertransivit gladius.

O quam tristis et afflita
 Fuit illa benedicta
 Mater Unigeniti!
 Quæ mærebat, et dolebat,
 Pia Mater dum videbat
 Nati pœnas inclyti

Quis est homo, qui non fleret,
 Matrem Christi si videret
 In tanto suppicio?
 Quis non posset contristari,
 Christi Matrem contemplari
 Dolentem cum Filio?

Pro peccatis suæ gentis,
 Vedit Jesum in tormentis,
 Et flagellis subditum.
 Vedit suum dulcem Natum
 Moriendo, desolatum,
 Dum emisit spiritum.

Eia Mater, fons amoris,
 Me sentire vim doloris,
 Fac ut tecum lugeam.
 Fac ut ardeat cor meum
 In amando Christum Deum,
 Ut sibi complaceam.

Sancta Mater, istud agas,
 Crucifixi fige plagas
 Cordi meo valide.

Tui Nati vulnerati,
 Tam dignati pro me pati,
 Poenas mecum divide.

Fac me tecum pie flere,
 Crucifixo condolere,
 Donec ego vixero
 Juxta crucem tecum stare,
 Et me tibi sociare,
 In planctu desidero.

Virgo virginum præclara,
 Mihi jam non sis amara,
 Fac me tecum plangere.
 Fac ut portem Christi mortem,
 Passionis fac consortem,
 Et plagas recolere.

Fac me plagis vulnerari,
 Fac me cruce inebriari,
 Et crux Filii.
 Flammis ne urar succensus,
 Per te, Virgo, sim defensus
 In die judicii.

Christe, cum sit hinc exire,
 Da per Matrem me venire
 Ad palmam victoriæ.
 Quando corpus morietur,
 Fac ut animæ donetur
 Paradisi gloria. Amen.

EASTER.

Q filii et filiæ.

ALLELUIA ! Alleluia ! Alleluia !
 Ye sons and daughters of the Lord,
 The King of heav'n the King ador'd,
 From death this day Himself restor'd.
 Alleluia !

Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Alleluia !
 All in the early morning gray,
 Went holy women on their way,
 To see the tomb where Jesus lay.
 Alleluia !

Of spices pure a precious store
 In their pure hands those women bore,
 To anoint the sacred Body o'er.
 Alleluia !

Then straightway one in white they see,
 Who saith, " Ye seek the Lord ; but He
 Is risen, and gone to Galilee."
 Alleluia !

This told they Peter, told they John ;
 Who forthwith to the tomb are gone,
 But Peter is by John outrun.
 Alleluia !

That self-same night, while out of fear
 The doors were shut, their Lord most dear
 To His Apostles did appear.

Alleluia !

But Thomas, when of this he heard,
 Was doubtful of his brethren's word ;
 Wherefore again there comes the Lord.

Alleluia !

“ Thomas, behold My side,” saith He ;
 “ My hands, My feet, My body see,
 And doubt not, but believe in Me.”

Alleluia !

When Thomas saw that wounded side,
 The truth no longer he denied ;
 “ Thou art my Lord and God ! ” he cried
 Alleluia !

Oh, blest are they who have not seen
 Their Lord, and yet believe in Him !
 Eternal life awaiteth them.

Alleluia !

Now let us praise the Lord most high,
 And strive His name to magnify
 On this great day, through earth and sky
 Alleluia !

Whose mercy ever runneth o'er ;
 Whom men and Angel Hosts adore ;
 To Him be glory evermore.

Alleluia.

Easter Song of Praise.

THE strain upraise of joy and praise,
Alleluia.
To the glory of their King
Shall the ransomed people sing,
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
And the choirs that dwell on high
Shall reëcho through the sky,
Alleluia ! Alleluia !

Ye clouds that onward sweep,
Ye winds on pinions light,
Ye thunders echoing loud and deep,
Ye lightnings wildly bright,
In sweet consent unite your
Alleluia.

Ye floods and ocean billows,
Ye storms and winter snow,
Ye days of cloudless beauty,
Hoar frost and summer glow,
Ye groves that wave in spring
And glorious forests sing
Alleluia.

First let the birds with painted plumage gay,
Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Then let the beasts of the earth, with varying strain,
 Join in creation's hymn, and cry again
 Alleluia! Alleluia!

Here let the mountains thunder forth sonorus
 Alleluia.

There let the valleys sing in gentler chorus
 Alleluia.

Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry
 Alleluia.

Ye tracks of earth and continents, reply
 Alleluia.

To God, Who all creation made,
 The frequent hymn be duly paid:

Alleluia! Alleluia!

This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord Almighty loves:
 Alleluia.

This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ the King approves:
 Alleluia.

Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice awaking,
 Alleluia.

And children's voices echo, answering making,
 Alleluia.

Now from all men be outpoured
 Alleluia to the Lord;

With Alleluia evermore

The Son and Spirit we adore.

Praise be done to the Three in One.

Alleluia.

Alleluia! Alleluia!

MONTH OF MAY.

Litany of the B. Virgin Mary.

KYRIE, eleison.

Christe, eleison.

Kyrie, eleison.

Christe audi nos

Christe exaudi nos.

Pater de cœlis Deus, miserere nobis.

Fili. Redemptor mundi Deus, miserere.

Spiritus sancte Deus, miserere.

Sancta Trinitas unus Deus, miserere.

Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis.

Sancta Dei Genitrix,

Sancta Virgo virginum,

Mater Christi,

Mater divinæ gratiæ,

Mater purissima,

Mater castissima,

Mater inviolata,

Mater intemerata,

Mater amabilis,

Mater admirabilis,

Mater Creatoris,

Mater Salvatoris,

Virgo prudentissima,

Virgo veneranda,

Virgo prædicanda,

Virgo potens,

Virgo clemens,

Virgo fidelis,

Speculum justitiæ,

Sedes sapientiæ,

Causa nostræ lætitiæ,

Vas spirituale,

Vas honorabile,

Vas insigne devotionis,

Rosa mystica,

Turris Davidica,

Turris eburnea,

Domus aurea,

Fœderis arca,

Janua cœli,

Stella matutina,

Salus infirmorum,

Refugium peccato rum

Consolatrix afflictoru

Auxilium Christianorum,

Regina Angelorum,

Regina Patriarcharum,

Regina Prophetarum,

Regina Apostolorum,
 Regina Martyrum,
 Regina Confessorum,
 Regina Virginum,
 Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi: parce nobis,
 Domine.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi: exaudi nos,
 Domine.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi: miserere
 nobis.

Ave Maris Stella.

AVE maris stella,
 Dei Mater alma,
 Atque semper virgo,
 Felix cœli porta.

Sumens illud Ave
 Gabrielis ore,
 Funda nos in pace,
 Mutans Evæ nomen.

Solve vincla reis,
 Profer lumen cæcis,
 Mala nostra pelle,
 Bona cuncta posce.

Monstra te esse matrem,
 Sumat per te preces,
 Qui pro nobis natus,
 Tulit esse tuus.

Virgo singularis,
Inter omnes mitis,
Nos culpis solutos,
Mites fac et castos.

Vitam præsta puram,
Iter para tutum,
Ut videntes Jesum,
Semper collætemur.

Sit laus Deo Patri,
Summo Christo decus,
Spiritui Sancto,
Tribus honor unus. Amen.

The Flower of Grace.

1 O FLOWER of Grace ! divinest Flower !
God's light thy life, God's love thy dower !
That all alone with virgin ray
Dost make in heaven eternal May,
Sweet falls the peerless dignity
Of God's eternal choice on thee !

Mother dearest ! Mother fairest !
Maiden purest ! Maiden rarest !
Help of earth and joy of heaven !
Love and praise to thee be given,
Blissful Mother ! blissful Maiden !

2 Choice Flower ! that bloomest on the breast
Of Jesus, that is now thy rest,
As thine was once the chosen bed
Of His dear Heart and sacred Head ;
O Mary ! sweet it is to see
Thy Son's creation graced by thee !
Mother dearest ! &c

3 O Flower of God ! divinest Flower !
 Elected for His inmost bower !
 Where angels come not, there art thou,
 A crown of glory on thy brow ;
 While far below, all bright and brave,
 Their gleamy palms the ransomed wave.
 Mother dearest ! &c.

4 O Help of Christians ! mercy-laden !
 O blissful Mother ! blissful Maiden !
 O Sinless ! were it not for thee,
 There were in faith no liberty
 To hold that God could stoop so low,
 Or love His sinful creatures so.
 Mother dearest ! &c.

5 O Mary ! when we think of thee,
 Our hearts grow light as light can be ;
 For thou hast felt as we have felt,
 And thou hast knelt as we have knelt ;
 And so it is,—that utterly,
 Mother of God ! we trust in thee !
 Mother dearest ! &c.

Our Queen Immaculate.

1 O fairest of all visions
 With meekly folded hands,
 Adoring eyes uplifted,
 Before her God she stands.
 Mother pure, Virgin fair,
 Spotless dove, peerless Maid,
 Crowned Queen of God's creation
 Our Queen Immaculate.

2 Oh fairest of all visions,
 That met the eager gaze
 Of Patriarch and Prophet
 In far primeval days.

3 Expectant yet for ages,
 That earth must yet await
 Fair Sharon's Rose, God's mother
 Our Queen Immaculate.

4 The king looked on thy beauty
 In thy unfallen state,
 The Spirit's Bride, the Virgin
 Our Queen Immaculate.

5 O fairest of all visions
 Entrancing mortal eyes ;
 The veil is half uplifted—
 We gaze in fond surprise.

6 O fairest of all visions
 Our weary exile o'er,
 In thy unclouded glory
 We'll see thee evermore.

7 We'll see thee, Queen and Mother,
 Enthroned in royal state,
 In all thy virgin splendor,
 Our Queen Immaculate.

Mary's Titles.

1 THRO' the world thy children raise
 Their prayers, and still we see
 Calm are the nights and bright the days,
 Of those who trust in thee.

Star of the sea, we kneel and pray
 When tempests raise their voice,
 Star of the sea the haven reached,
 We call thee, we call thee and rejoice,
 Star of the sea, star of the sea.

2 Queen of heaven, when we are sad,
 Best solace of our pains,
 It tells us tho' on earth we toil,
 Our Mother lives and reigns

3 Hope of sinners, how many souls
 Cast down by woe and sin,
 Have learned thro' this dear name of thine,
 A pardon and peace to win.

4 Mary, dearest name of all,
 The holiest and the best,
 The first low word that Jesus lisped
 Laid on His Mother's breast.

Dearest Mother.

1 WE come dearest Mother, with fondest devotion
 To place on thy shrine, no pearls of the sea ;
 The pearls of our hearts—the truest affections
 Dearest and best we bring unto thee.
 O Mary hear our prayer.

2 Hail highest and holiest—bright lily of Heaven,
 In the garden of God thou reignest supreme ;
 Chosen vessel of honor, Immaculate ever,
 Mother of Jesus we hail thee our Queen.

3 The rose and the lily of earth's early springtime,
 Mary, dear Mother, we wreath for thee now,
 Draw nearer bright Angels with songs of gladness,
 As we place fairest flowers on our dear Mother's
 brow.

Hail Mary.

1 How pure, how frail and white
 The snowdrops shine,
 Gather a garland bright
 For Mary's shrine.

Hail Mary ! Hail Mary !
 Queen of Heaven, let us repeat.
 And place our snowdrop wreath,
 Here at her feet.

2 For on this blessed day
 She knelt at prayer,
 When lo ! before her shone
 An Angel fair.

3 Hail Mary ! infant lips
 Lisp it to-day ;
 Hail Mary ! with faint smile,
 The dying say.

4 Hail Mary ! many a heart,
 Broken with grief,
 In that angelic prayer
 Has found relief.

Mother Loved.

CHO. MARY hear my fervent prayer,
 Take me 'neath thy care,
 O Mother loved, be my life, my stay.
 Guide me, love me, save and protect me
 'Till the dawn of eternal day.
 Mary hear my fervent prayer, &c.

- 1 O Mother loved, watch over me,
 So helpless tossed on life's rough sea,
 Kindly shed from Heaven above
 A mother's sweet, fond smile of love.
- 2 O Mother loved, watch over me,
 From sin and danger keep me free,
 When temptation's waves angry flow,
 Thyself to me a mother show.
- 3 O Mother loved, watch over me,
 When life is bright and fair to see,
 Who so need thy clear guiding ray
 As those who walk the flow'ry way.

O Beautiful Thou Art.

- 1 O BEAUTIFUL thou art
 Our sweet Virgin Queen,
 Come reign within each heart,
 Peaceful and serene.
 See with love now thrilling,
 All thy children's hearts,
 Joy each breast is filling,
 Sadness now departs.

2 O list to strains now swelling
 Even to thy throne,
 O call us from this dwelling,
 Leave us not alone.
 Mother ever holy
 Hear us as we pray,
 Virgin pure and lowly
 With us ever stay.

3 Ah! when we're sad and weary,
 Tired of life and sin,
 And when the way looks dreary
 Haste thy child to win.
 When death lays his finger
 On our icy brow,
 O then near us linger,
 Linger then as now.

Mater Admirabilis.

CHO. O MATER Admirabilis
 List to our fervent prayer.
 Oh! let thy loving children,
 Thy sweet protection share.

1 O Mater Admirabilis
 Our youthful hearts we raise
 In soft soul breathing melody,
 To sing thy wondrous praise.

2 Let angels swell the chorus—
 Let heaven and earth proclaim,
 O Mater Admirabilis,
 The sweetness of thy name.

3 Before thy loving image,
 'Tis truest joy to kneel,
 And gaze upon the beauties
 That faith and love reveal.

4 O Mater Admirabilis,
 'Tis more than rapturous glow,
 That cheers our lone and darksome way
 On this sad earth below.

Ora Pro Me.

1 AVE Maria ! bright and pure,
 Hear, O hear me when I pray,
 Pains and pleasures try the pilgrim
 On his long and dreary way.
 Fears and perils are around me
 Ave Maria ! bright and pure.
 Ora pro me, ora pro me.

2 Ave Maria ! Queen of heaven,
 Teach, O teach me to obey.
 Lead me on tho' fierce temptations
 Stand and meet me in the way.
 When I fail and faint, my Mother,
 Ave Maria ! bright and pure.
 Ora pro me, ora pro me.

3 Then shall I, if thou, O Mary,
 Art my strong support and stay,
 Fear nor feel the three-fold danger
 Standing forth in dread array.

Now and ever shield and guard me,
 Ave Maria! bright and pure.
 Ora pro me, ora pro me.

4 When my eyes are slowly closing,

And I fade from earth away,
 And when death, the stern destroyer
 Claims my body as his prey,
 Claim my soul and then sweet Mary,
 Ave Maria! bright and pure
 Ora pro me, ora pro me.

Farewell to May.

1 Ah! must I leave our Lady's altar
 Where oft I've found such sweet delight.
 My sad adieux must I now falter—
 Must joys so pure now wing their flight.

CHO. Farewell sweet month, sweet month of flowers;
 Farewell loved shrine, thou dear retreat,
 But ere have fled these happy hours,
 My heart I'll leave at Mary's feet. (*Repeat.*)
 Farewell sweet month, farewell!
 Farewell loved shrine, farewell.

2 How sweet to sing my mother's praises,
 And breathe to her my loving sighs,
 So fondly on me then she gazes.
 So softly beam her starlike eyes.

3 Ah! while my love to thee I'm singing,
 To die this hour would be so sweet,
 Like those spring flowers perfumes flinging,
 That bloom and languish at thy feet.

Heart of Mary.

1 O HEART of Mary, pure and fair,
There is no stain in thee.
In Adam's fall thou hast no share, } Repeat.
From sin's control thou art free.

CHO. O heart of Mary, pure and fair,
No beauty can with thine compare :
From ev'ry stain of sin thou art free,
O make us pure in heart like thee.

2 As some fair lily midst the thorns,
Thou 'mongst Eve's daughters art—
Celestial purity adorns } Repeat.
Thy crystal depths, chaste heart.

3 Sweet Heart within thy depths so chaste,
We'll dwell and ne'er depart,
'Till thou, our souls hast deeply placed } Repeat.
In Jesus' Sacred Heart.

St. Joseph.

HOLY Joseph, dearest father,
To thy children's prayer incline
While we sing thy joys and sorrows,
And the glories which are thine.

1 How to praise thee, how to thank thee,
Blessed Saint we cannot tell.
Favors countless hast thou given,
Can we choose but love thee well.

2 Near to Jesus, near to Mary,
 And kind Father, near to thee.
 Keep us while on earth we wander,
 And in death our helper be.

3 We have prayed and thou hast answered—
 We have asked and thou hast given.
 Need we marvel? Jesus tells us,
 Joseph has the stores of heaven.

4 One more favor we will ask thee,
 Thou of all canst grant it best,
 When we die be thou still near us,
 Bring us safe to endless rest.

A Child's May Song.

1 FROM thy bright throne above the sky,
 Look down on us, O Mother sweet,
 And smile upon the gift which I
 Here offer kneeling at thy feet.
 O Mother of my God, and mine,
 I've brought some simple flowers to-day,
 That they may bloom upon thy shrine
 The long, long hours that I'm away.

2 So their sweet breath shall rise like prayer
 When I am far from this dear spot;
 Thou'l't think of me while they are here,
 And absent, I'll forget thee not.
 If I were rich in gems and gold
 All, all to thee I'd freely give;
 How could I anything withhold
 That it might please thee to receive.

3 But if I had a golden mine
 And were to lay it at thy feet;
 My heart not being truly thine
 Say, would it please thee, Mother sweet?
 I know it would not, and I know
 That I can only be thine own,
 By loving Him who loved thee so
 That He became thine own dear Son.

4 My heart henceforth shall be all thine
 And I will watch and I will pray,
 That never thought or word of mine
 May take my heart from thee away.
 O give a blessing now to me,
 I'll try to be so good all day,
 That I may bring fresh flowers to thee
 To make thy holy altar gay.

Watch Over Us.

1 O MOTHER loved, our sweet delight,
 One glance but cast, so fondly bright.
 Watch over us.
 When dark night her mantle casts,
 When storms and wintry blasts
 Hide Heaven's azure hue,
 O thou Star of hope shine through.

2 Be love of thee, my whole life long,
 My sweetest joy, my only way.
 Watch over us.
 Shine then brightly, O soft Star,
 With thy light driving far

Mists that oft veil my soul,
Clouds that e'er around me roll.

3 Mother of God ! our hope, our life,
Sweet Mother shield us in the strife.

Watch over us.

From all earthly toils set free,
We'll quickly fly to thee ;
Let us rest in thy heart,
From its depths we'll ne'er depart.

Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

1 To THEE sweet Mother, Heavenly Queen,
We raise our loving hearts to-day ;
O ! deign to listen to our words,
While lowly at thy feet we pray.

Sweet Lady of the Sacred Heart,
Before thy shrine to-day,
We kneel on earth to choose thee Queen,
Queen of Heaven's eternal May.

2 We call thee oft the Queen of May,
And lily pure, and mystic rose,
And Mother of our Jesus dear,
In whose sweet heart love brightly glows.

3 And by this name to-day we call
On thee, by the unwearying love
Which thou dost for thy children feel,
To raise our loving hearts above.

PENTECOST.

Invocatio S. Spiritus.

VENI sancte Spiritus,
Et emitte cœlitus
Lucis tuæ radium.

Veni pater pauperum,
Veni dator munerum,
Veni lumen cordium.

Consolator optime,
Dulcis hospes animæ,
Dulce refrigerium.

In labore requies,
In æstu temperies,
In fletu solatium.

O lux beatissima,
Reple cordis intima
Tuorum fidelium.

Sine tuo numine
Nihil est in homine,
Nihil est in innoxium.

Lava quod est sordidum,
Riga quod est aridum,
Sana quod est saucium.

Flecte quod est rigidum,
Fove quod est frigidum,
Rege quod est devium.

Da tuis fidelibus,
In te confidentibus,
Sacrum septenarium.

Da virtutis meritum,
Da salutis exitum,
Da perenne gaudium. Amen.

Come Holy Ghost.

- 1 COME Holy Ghost, Creator Blest,
And in our hearts take up Thy rest ;
Come with Thy Grace and heavenly aid
To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.
- 2 O Comforter, to Thee we cry ;
Thou Heavenly Gift of God most high ;
Thou Fount of life, and Fire of love,
And sweet Anointing from above.
- 3 Drive far away our deadly foe,
And peace for evermore bestow ;
If Thou be our preventing Guide,
No evil can our steps betide.
- 4 Praise we the Father and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One ;
And may the Son on us bestow,
The gifts that from the Spirit flow.

MONTH OF JUNE.

The Sacred Heart.

1 I RISE from dreams of time,
 From the shadows of this life,
 From the tombs and places waste
 From an earth of sin and strife ;
 I rise from dreams of time,
 And an angel guides my feet
 To Thy sacred Altar-throne
 Whereon Thy Heart doth beat.

2 A lone lamp quivers still,
 And a wondrous silence reigns,
 Only with voice low and mild
 The Holy One complains :
 "Long have I waited here,
 And though thou heed'st not me,
 The Heart of Mary's Son
 Beats ever on for thee."

3 In the womb of Maiden meek,
 , In the Cradle, on the Tree,
 Heart of undying love,
 It lived, loved, broke for me :
 While around me thunder peal,
 Yet as then behold me now,
 By Thy pierced and wounded Hands,
 By Thy torn and bleeding Brow

4 O voice of the inward ear !
 O voice of complaining love !
 O Thou that art awful God,
 To realms below and above !
 Thou waitest and pleadest here,
 And canst not from us part,
 O veiled and wondrous Son !
 O love of the Sacred Heart !

The Holy Name.

1 JESUS ! the very thought of thee
 With sweetness fills my breast ;
 But sweeter far Thy face to see,
 And in Thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
 Nor can the memory find,
 A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
 O Saviour of mankind !

3 O hope of every contrite heart,
 O joy of all the meek,
 To those who fall how kind Thou art !
 How good to those who seek !

4 But what to those who find ? ah ! this
 Nor tongue nor pen can show :
 The love of Jesus, what it is,
 None but his lov'd ones know.

5 Jesus ! our only joy be Thou,
 As Thou our prize wilt be ;
 Jesus ! be Thou our glory now,
 And through eternity !

Jesus Crucified.

- 1 OH, come and mourn with me awhile ;
See, Mary calls us to her side ;
Oh, come and let us mourn with her :
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !
- 2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride ?
Ah, look how patiently He hangs :
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !
- 3 Seven times He spoke, seven words of love,
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men :
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !
- 4 Come, take thy stand beneath the Cross,
And let the Blood from out that Side
Fall gently on thee drop by drop :
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !
- 5 O Love of God ! O Sin of man !
In this dread act your strength is tried ;
And victory remains with love,
For He, our Love, is crucified !

Corpus Christi.

- 1 JESUS ! my Lord, my God, my all !
How can I love Thee as I ought ?
And how revere this wondrous gift,
So far surpassing hope or thought ?
Sweet Sacrament ! we Thee adore !
Oh, make us love Thee more and more !

2 Had I but Mary's sinless heart
 To love Thee with, my dearest King !
 Oh, with what bursts of fervent praise
 Thy goodness, Jesus, would I sing !
 Sweet Sacrament ! we Thee adore !
 Oh, make us love Thee more and more !

3 Oh, see ! within a creature's hand
 The vast Creator deigns to be,
 Reposing infant-like, as though
 On Joseph's arm, or Mary's knee.
 Sweet Sacrament ! we Thee adore !
 Oh, make us love Thee more and more !

4 Thy Body, Soul, and Godhead, all !
 O mystery of love divine !
 I cannot compass all I have,
 For all Thou hast and art are mine !
 Sweet Sacrament ! we Thee adore !
 Oh, make us love Thee more and more !

5 Sound, sound His praises higher still,
 And come, ye angels, to our aid,
 'Tis God ! 'tis God ! the very God,
 Whose power both man and angels made !
 Sweet Sacrament ! we Thee adore !
 Oh, make us love Thee more and more !

The Tabernacle.

I COME to Thee, my Love,
 From ways of grief and pain ;
 I come to Thee, my Love,
 Who here in light dost reign ;

The tempest raves without,
 The angry billows roll,
 But here Thy peace is mine,
 Thou Lover of my soul.

O touch me with Thy Hand,
 As in the dust I lie ;
 O lift me to Thy Heart,
 Without Thee I must die.
 My soul is faint and dark ;
 I come to Thee for rest ;
 O let me see Thy light
 And lie upon Thy Breast.

I long, when far away,
 To be with Thee again,
 Where treasures of Thy grace
 Fall like the silent rain.
 O veiled and hidden Love ;
 O loving gracious Lord ;
 From Thee the silver showers
 Upon my heart are poured.

The storm of pain and grief
 Bends me beneath its power ;
 I have no help but Thee
 In sorrow's darkest hour.
 O help me then, my Love,
 For I am dark and lone ;
 And joy and light are Thine
 Upon this Altar-throne.

Holy Communion.

- 1 JESUS, Jesus, come to me,
O ! how much I long for Thee ?
Come Thou, of all friends the best,
Take possession of my breast.
- 2 Comfort my poor soul distressed,
Come and dwell within my breast ;
O how oft I sigh for Thee,
Jesus, Jesus, come to me.
- 3 Empty is all worldly joy,
Ever mixed with some alloy ;
Give me my true Sovereign Good,
Jesus, Thy own Flesh and Blood.
- 4 On the cross three hours for me,
Thou didst hang in agony ;
I my heart to Thee resign,
O what rapture to be Thine.

Animæ Christi.

- 1 SOUL of my Saviour, sanctify my breast,
Thy blessed body be my saving guest ;
Blood of my Jesus, bathe me in Thy tide,
Wash me, ye waters, streaming from His side.
- 2 Strength and protection, may His passion be,
Jesus O hear my sighs and answer me ;
Deep in Thy heart Lord, hide and shelter me,
So shall I never, never part from Thee.
- 3 Guard and defend me from the foe malign,
In death's dread moments make me only Thine ;
Call me and bid me come to Thee on high,
Where I may praise Thee reigning in the sky.

My Beloved.

1 I AM my Love's and He is mine,
 O earth attend, ye Heavens hear,
 Your mighty Lord, your King divine,
 Is now my bosom's guest most dear.
 Behold ! the vast Creator makes
 His home within His creature's breast ;
 And though His Throne He ne'er forsakes,
 'Tis in my heart He loves to rest.

CHO. My dearest Lord, my love I'm Thine.
 And Thou my Jesus art all mine ;
 My heart forever Thine shall be,
 O keep it Jesus all for Thee.

2 Close locked within His fond embrace,
 His Sacred Heart reclines on mine ;
 Its throbings flood my soul with grace,
 And rapturous love and bliss divine.
 Lo ! angels near me hover 'round,
 From opening skies bright legions dart ;
 For Jesus, their dear King, they've found
 Within the heaven of my heart.

The Prince of Peace.

To CHRIST the Prince of peace
 And Son of God most high,
 The Father of the world to come,
 We lift our joyful cry.

Deep in His Heart for us
 The wound of love He bore,
 That love which still he kindles in
 The hearts that Him adore.

O Jesus, Victim blest,
 What else but love divine
 Could Thee constrain to open thus
 That Sacred Heart of Thine ?

O Fount of endless life,
 O Spring of water clear !
 O Flame celestial, cleansing all
 Who unto Thee draw near !

Hide me in Thy dear Heart,
 For thither do I fly ;
 There seek Thy grace through life, in death
 Thine immortality.

The Will of God.

My God, my Father, while I stray
 Far from my home in life's rough way,
 O teach me from my heart to say :
 Thy will be done.

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
 Let me be still and murmur not,
 Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
 Thy will be done.

What though in lonely grief I sigh
 For friends beloved no longer nigh,
 Submissive would I still reply,
 Thy will be done.

If Thou shouldst call me to resign
 What most I prize, it ne'er was mine ;
 I only yield Thee what is Thine ;
 Thy will be done.

Let but my fainting heart be blest
 With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
 My God, to Thee I leave the rest ;
 Thy will be done.

Renew my will from day to day,
 Blend it with Thine, and take away
 All that now makes it hard to say,
 Thy will be done.

The Name of Jesus.

LET every heart exulting beat
 With joy at Jesus' Name of bliss ;
 With every pure delight replete,
 And passing sweet, its music is.

Jesus the comfortless consoles,
 Jesus each sinful fever quells,
 Jesus the power of hell controls,
 Jesus each deadly foe repels.

O speak His glorious Name abroad !
 Jesus let every tongue confess,
 Let every heart and voice accord
 The Healer of our souls to bless.

Jesus, the sinner's Friend, abide
 With us, and hearken to our prayers
 Thy frail and erring wanderers' guide,
 In mercy our transgressions spare.

All might, all glory be to Thee
 Refulgent with this Name Divine ;
 All honor, worship, majesty,
 Jesus, for evermore be Thine.

The Love of Jesus.

O THE priceless love of Jesus :
 O the strength of grace divine :
 All His gifts are showered upon me,
 All His blessings may be mine.
 He is throned in Heavenly glory
 Where no sin nor death can be ;
 Yet He loves me in this darkness,
 Yet He does not turn from me.

I am blind and poor and wretched,
 By temptations sorely tried ;
 Yet His watchful care abounding
 Keeps me ever at His side.
 He is God and King Eternal,
 Higher than all height can be ;
 Yet His Heart is with me always,
 Yet He stoopeth down to me.

Storms of sorrow roll around me,
 Darkling clouds above me meet ;
 But I hasten to my refuge
 At my Saviour's wounded Feet.
 O how lovingly, my Jesus,
 Thou dost with me ever bear ;
 I can never, never, thank Thee
 For Thy goodness and Thy care.

When the brooding darkness hides me
 Bitter tears of pain I weep :
 But, Thou loving One, Thou healest
 All my sorrow dark and deep.
 O Thy priceless love, my Jesus :
 Human love and love divine ;
 Thou art gentle, Thou art mighty ;
 All Thy Sacred Heart is mine.

The Good Shepherd.

- 1 COME, wand'ring sheep, O come,
 I'll bind thee to my breast,
 I'll bear thee to thy home
 And lay thee down to rest.
- 2 I saw thee stray forlorn
 And heard thee faintly cry,
 And on the tree of scorn
 For thee I deigned to die.
- 3 I shield thee from alarms,
 And wilt thou not be blest ?
 I bear thee in my arms,
 Thou bear me in thy breast.

ANTIPHONÆ B. M. V.

Alma Redemptoris.

Alma Redemptoris Mater, quæ pervia cœli
 Porta manes, et Stella maris, succurre cadenti,
 Surgere qui curat, populo: tu quæ genuisti,
 Natura mirante, tuum sanctum Genitorem:
 Virgo prius ac posterius, Gabrielis ab ore,
 Sumens illud Ave, peccatorum miserere.

Ave, Regina.

Ave, Regina cœlorum !
 Ave, domina angelorum !
 Salve, radix, salve, porta,
 Ex qua mundo Lux est orta.
 Gaude, Virgo gloriosa,
 Super omnes speciosa
 Vale, O valde decora !
 Et pro nobis Christum exora.

Regina Cœli.

Regina Cœli, lætare ! alleluia.
 Quia quem meruisti portare ; alleluia.
 Resurrexit sicut dixit ; alleluia.
 Ora pro nobis Deum ; alleluia.

Salve, Regina.

Salve, Regina, mater misericordiæ;
Vita, dulcedo, et spes nostra, salve.

Ad te clamamus, exules filii Hevæ;
Ad te suspiramus, gementes et flentes in hac
lacrymarum valle.

Eia ergo, Advocata nostra,
Illos tuos misericordes oculos ad nos converte;

Et Jesum, benedictum fructum ventris tui,
Nobis post hoc exilium ostende,
O clemens, O pia, O dulcis Virgo Maria.

O Sanctissima.

1 O Sanctissima, O purissima,
Dulcis Virgo Maria.
Mater, amata, intemerata,
Ora, ora pro nobis.

2 Tota pulchra es, O Maria!
Et macula non est in te.

3 Sicut lilium inter spinas
Sic Maria inter filias.

CANTUS
SS. SACRAMENTI.

Q. Salutariꝝ.

O SALUTARIS Hostia,
Quæ cœli pandis ostium :
Bella premunt hostilia,
Da robur, fer auxilium.

Uni trinoque Domino
Sit sempiterna gloria :
Qui vitam sine termino
Nobis donet in patria Amen.

Pange Lingua.

PANGE, lingua, gloriosi
Corporis mysterium,
Sanguinisque pretiosi
Quem in mundi pretium
Fructus ventris generosi
Rex effudit gentium.

Nobis datus, nobis natus
Ex intacta Virgine,
Et in mundo conversatus,
Sparso verbi semine,
Sui moras incolatus
Miro clausit ordine.

In supremæ nocte cœnæ,
 Recumbens cum fratribus,
 Observata lege plene
 Cibis in legalibus,
 Cibum turbæ duodenæ
 Se dat suis manibus

Verbum caro, panem verum
 Verbo carnem efficit:
 Fitque sanguis Christi merum:
 Et si sensus deficit,
 Ad firmandum cor sincerum
 Sola fides sufficit.

Tantum ergo Sacramentum
 Veneremur cernui:
 Et antiquum documentum
 Novo cedat ritui:
 Præstet fides supplementum
 Sensuum defectui.

Genitori, Genitoque
 Laus et jubilatio,
 Salus, honor, virtus quoque
 Sit et benedictio:
 Procedenti ab utroque
 Compar sit laudatio.

Veni Jesu.

VENI Jesu Amor mi
 Veni Amor Jesu
 Veni Jesu, Amor mi!
 Veni O Amor mi.

Veni Jesu Amor mi
 Veni! Veni,
 O Amor mi
 Veni Amor mi
 Veni Amor mi

Ave Verum.

A VE verum Corpus, natum
 Ex Maria Virgine,
 Vere passum, immolatum,
 In cruce pro homine.

Cujus latus perforatum
 Unda fluxit et sanguine,
 Esto nobis prægustatum,
 Mortis in examine.

O clemens, O pie,
 O dulcis Jesu, Fili Mariæ

Adoremus in Aeternum.

ADOREMUS in aeternum Sanctissimum Sacramentum
 Laudate Dominum omnes gentes, laudate eum omnes
 populi.
 Quoniam confirmata est super nos misericordia ejus, et
 veritas Domini manet in aeternum.
 Gloria Patri, et Filio et Spiritui Sancto:
 Sicut erat in principio et nunc et semper et in saecula
 saeculorum. Amen.

Te Deum.

TE Deum laudamus; te Dominum confitemur.
 Te æternum Patrem: omnis terra veneratur.
 Tibi omnes angeli: tibi cœli et universæ potestates;
 Tibi cherubim et seraphim: incessabili voce procla-
 mant;
 Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus: Dominus Deus Sabaoth.
 Pleni sunt cœli et terra: majestatis gloriæ tuæ.
 Te gloriosus: Apostolorum chorus.
 Te Prophetarum: laudabilis numerus.
 Te Martyrum candidatus: laudat exercitus
 Te per orbem terrarum; sancta confitetur Ecclesia.
 Patrem: immensæ majestatis.
 Venerandum tuum verum: et unicum Filium.
 Sanctum quoque: Paraclitum Spiritum.
 Tu Rex gloriæ: Christe.
 Tu Patris: sempiternus es Filius.
 Tu ad liberandum suscepturus hominem: non hor-
 ruisti Virginis uterum.
 Tu devicto mortis aculeo; aperuisti credentibus regna
 cœlorum.
 Tu ad dexteram Dei sedes: in gloria Patris.
 Judex crederis: esse venturus.
 Te ergo quæsumus, tuis famulis subveni: quos pre-
 tioso sanguine redemisti.
 Æterna fac cum Sanctis tuis: in gloria numerari.
 Salvum fac populum tuum, Domine: et benedic hære-
 ditati tuæ.
 Et rege eos: et extolle illos usque in æternum.
 Per singulos dies: benedicimus te.
 Et laudamus nomen tuum in sæculum: et in sæculum
 sæculi.

Dignare, Domine, die isto: sine peccato nos custodire.
 Miserere nostri, Domine: miserere nostri.
 Fiat misericordia tua, Domine, super nos: quemadmo-
 dum speravimus in te.
 In te, Domine, speravi: non confundar in æternum.

Holy God.

- 1 HOLY God we praise Thy Name !
 Lord of all we bow before Thee !
 All on earth Thy sceptre claim,
 All in Heaven above adore Thee ;
 Infinite Thy vast domain,
 Everlasting is Thy reign.
- 2 Hark, the loud celestial hymn !
 Angel choirs above are raising ;
 Cherubim and seraphim,
 In unceasing chorus praising,
 Fill the Heavens with sweet accord ;
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !
- 3 Spare Thy people Lord we pray,
 By a thousand snares surrounded ;
 Keep us without sin to-day,
 Never let us be confounded :
 Lo ! I put my trust in Thee,
 Never, Lord, abandon me.

Magnificat.

MAGNIFICAT: anima mea Dominum.
 Et exultavit spiritus meus: in Deo salutari meo.
 Quia respexit humilitatem ancillæ suæ: ecce enim ex
 hoc beatam me dicent omnes generationes.

Quia fecit mihi magna qui potens est: et sanctum nomen ejus.

Et misericordia ejus a progenie in progenies: timentibus eum.

Fecit potentiam in brachio suo: dispersit superbos mente cordis sui.

Deposuit potentes de sede: et exaltavit humiles.

Esurientes implevit bonis: et divites dimisit inanes.

Suscepit Israel puerum suum: recordatus misericordiæ suæ.

Sicut locutus est ad patres nostros: Abraham, et semini ejus in sæcula.

Gloria Patri, et Filio et Spiritui Sancto;

Sicut erat in principio et nunc et semper et in sæcula sæculorum. Amen.

Miserere.

MISERERE mei, Deus: secundum magnam misericordiam tuam.

Et secundum multitudinem miserationum tuarum: dele iniquitatem meam.

Amplius lava me ab iniquitate mea: et a peccato meo munda me.

Quoniam iniquitatem meam ego cognosco: et peccatum meum contra me est semper.

Tibi soli peccavi, et malum coram te feci: ut justificeris in sermonibus tuis, et vincas cum judicaris.

Ecce enim in iniquitatibus conceptus sum: et in peccatis concepit me mater mea.

Ecce enim veritatem dilexisti: incerta et occulta sapientiæ tuæ manifestasti mihi.

Asperges me hyssopo, et mundabor: lavabis me, et super nivem dealbabor.

Auditui meo dabis gaudium et lætitiam: et exultabunt ossa humiliata
 Averte faciem tuam a peccatis meis: et omnes iniquitates meas dele.
 Cor mundum crea in me, Deus: et spiritum rectum innova in visceribus meis.
 Ne projicias me a facie tua: et Spiritum Sanctum tuum ne auferas a me.
 Redde mihi lætitiam salutaris tui: et spiritu principali confirma me.
 Docebo iniquos vias tuas: et impii ad te convertentur.
 Libera me de sanguinibus, Deus, Deus salutis meæ:
 et exultabit lingua mea justitiam tuam.
 Domine, labia mea aperies: et os meum annuntiabit laudem tuam.
 Quoniam si voluisses sacrificium, dedissem utique:
 holocaustis non delectaberis.
 Sacrificium Deo spiritus contribulatus: cor contritum
 et humiliatum, Deus, non despicies.
 Benigne fac, Domine, in bona voluntate tua Sion: ut
 ædificantur muri Jerusalem.
 Tunc acceptabis sacrificium justitiæ, oblationes, et
 holocausta: tunc imponent super altare tuum vitulos.
 Gloria Patri, et Filio et Spiritui Sancto;
 Sicut erat in principio et nunc et semper et in sæcula
 sæculorum. Amen.

De Profundis.

DE profundis clamavi ad te, Domine: Domine, exaudi vocem meam.
 Fiant aures tuæ intendentes: in vocem deprecationis meæ.

Si iniquitates observaveris, Domine: Domine quis sustinebit?
 Quia apud te propitiatio est: et propter legem tuam sustinui te, Domine.
 Sustinuit anima mea in verbo ejus: speravit anima mea in Domino.
 A custodia matutina usque ad noctem: speret Israel in Domino.
 Quia apud Dominum misericordia: et copiosa apud eum redemptio.
 Et ipse redimet Israel: ex omnibus iniquitatibus ejus.
 Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine;
 Et lux perpetua luceat eis.

APPENDIX.

Thanksgiving.

- 1 BRIGHT Angels who attend
 Around our altar now,
 Your wonted cares suspend—
 List to our holy vow.
 Jesus my happy heart
 Now gives itself to Thee;
 O never hence depart,
 Reign here eternally!
- 2 Thy Sacred Name alone
 All my delight shall prove,
 No joy my soul shall own,
 But in thy holy love.
- 3 Through life this holy vow
 Shall still be breath'd to Heav'n,
 And fervently as now,
 My heart to Thee be given.

The Heart of Jesus.

O SACRED Heart! with burning love
 On Thee enraptured Angels gaze;
 To Thee triumphant Saints above
 Forever sing their grateful praise.

CHO. O Sacred Heart! may we adore
 And love Thee ever more and more.

Most loving Heart! while heaven's bright spheres
 Resound thy glories, shall not we—
 Poor exiles in this vale of tears—
 Re-echo hymns of praise to Thee.

Thou, Heart of Jesus! art the throne
 Of mercy—Thou the fount of grace:
 Our hope of Heaven from Thee alone,
 Sole refuge of our fallen race.

O Lamb of God! meek victim slain
 For us, let not the stream that flowed
 From Thy pierced Heart have flowed in vain,
 Oh! cleanse us with Thy precious blood.

God's Mother! Virgin ever blest!
 Thy heart and His are always One;
 Plead thou our cause; thy sweet request
 Is never slighted by thy Son.

May we, 'mid heaven's exulting host,
 This Heart now throned in heaven adore,
 And Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Praise, thank, and love for evermore.

Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.

My God, my life, my love,
 To Thee, to Thee I call ;
 O come to me from heaven above,
 And be my God, my All.

My faith beholds Thee, Lord !
 Conceal'd in human food ;
 My senses fail, but in Thy word
 I trust, and find my God.

O when wilt Thou be mine,
 Sweet lover of my soul ?
 My Jesus dear, my king Divine,
 Come o'er my heart to rule.

O ! come and fix Thy throne,
 Within my very heart,
 O ! make it burn for Thee alone,
 And from me ne'er depart.

Begone ye, from my mind,
 Vain, childish, earthly toys !
 In Jesus only do I find
 True pleasures, solid joys.

Adoro Te devote.

ADORO te devote, latens Deitas,
 Quæ sub his figuris vere latitas,
 Tibi se cor meum totum subjicit,
 Quia te contemplans totum deficit.

Ave Jesu Pastor Fidelium
 Adauge fidem omnium in te credentium.

O memoriale mortis Domini,
 Panis vivus vitam præstans homini,
 Præsta meæ menti de te vivere,
 Et te illi semper dulce sapere.

Ave Jesu, &c.

Jesu, quem velatum nunc aspicio,
 Oro fiat illud quod tam sitio,
 Ut te revelata cernens facie,
 Visu sim beatus tuæ gloriæ.

Ave Jesu, &c.

Jesu Dulcis Memoria.

JESU dulcis memoria,
 Dans vera cordis gaudia :
 Sed super mel, et omnia
 Ejus dulcis præsentia.

Nil canitur suavius,
 Auditur nil jucundius,
 Nil cogitatur dulcior,
 Quam Jesu Dei Filius.

Jesu spes pœnitentibus,
 Quam pius es petentibus,
 Quam bonus te quærerentibus !
 Sed quid invenientibus.

Saving Host.

SAVING Host, we fall before Thee,
 Trusting in our Saviour's word :
 Thee we own the Lord of glory,
 Thee we own our sovereign Lord

While our evil foes contending
 Threaten our eternal loss ;
 Be with heavenly grace defending,
 And protect us with Thy cross.

From Thy Father's throne descending,
 Thou becom'st our daily bread ;
 Midst celestial hosts attending,
 With Thy flesh 'our souls are fed.
 Come, Thou source of every blessing,
 Warm our hearts with love divine,
 Let Thy grace, our souls possessing,
 Make us be forever Thine.

Jesus, Sweet Jesus.

JESUS, sweet Jesus, my treasure divine,
 O with what rapture I call Thee all mine ;
 Brilliant, celestial, my glory, my sun,
 O ! that I lov'd Thee, Thou beautiful one.

Fountain of sweetness, abyss of delight
 Rob'd in Thy splendor, immortal and bright,
 Thou God of my heart, O when shall I flee
 Away from my prison to love only Thee.

Jesus, my Jesus, so priceless in worth,
 Joy of the angels and hope of the earth,
 Strong are the links and the bonds which confine,
 My heart and my soul to Thee, Jesus all mine.

Jesus, Saviour of my Soul.

JESUS, Saviour of my soul,
 Let me to Thy refuge fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is nigh ;
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide
 'Till the storm of life is past :
 Safe into Thy haven guide
 O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none ;
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee,
 Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me :
 All my trust on Thee is stayed,
 All my help from Thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

Yesu Deus Magne.

O JESU ! Deus, Deus Magne !
 Pastor bone ! dulcis Agne !
 O Jesu ! Jesu mi !
 O Jesu, O Pastor,
 O Panis, O Manna,
 O Jesu, Jesu mi,
 O Potestas !
 Quid non præstas,
 Quid non præstas homini !

Christians, who of Jesus' Sorrows.

CHRISTIANS, who of Jesus' sorrows,
 Come the doleful tale to hear,
 See what streams of blood flow for us,
 Blend, ah ! blend at least a tear.

Lo ! for your own sins devoted,
 Bleeds the victim from on high,
 By his suff'rings animated,
 For him live and for him die.

See, now Jesus is forsaken,
 Round him press a ruthless band,
 See His heav'nly cheeks are smitten,
 By the cruel soldier's hand.

Now behold the man of sorrows,
 On the cross exalted high ;
 Suffering, bleeding, dying for us,
 Now behold salvation nigh.

The Memorare;

Or, Prayer of St. Bernard.

OH ! be thou mindful, Mother most tender,
 Ne'er was thine aid implored in vain,
 Faint in the combat lest we surrender,
 Do thou our faltering heart sustain.

In ages gone by, as all records declare,
 Not once hast thou slighted the suppliant's cry,
 Nor shall ages that follow thy mercies impair
 To all that invoke thee, sweet Mother, thou'rt nigh.

For this in the midst of my sin and my dread,
 At the thought of thy mercies with hope I'm inspired;
 Oh, Virgin! thy Son on the cross for me bled,
 Thy Son on the cross for my ransom expired.

Though countless and grievous the sins I deplore,
 Despair at thy name, from my bosom shall flee,
 In thy love will I hope for my pardon once more,
 Oh! Virgin and Mother, I fly unto thee.

To my prayers and my sighs, blessed Mother give ear,
 And be thou as ever, the penitent's friend,
 'Neath the shield of thy favor no danger I'll fear,
 But with thee and thy Son hope to reign in the end.

Hail, Queen of Heaven.

1 HAIL, Queen of Heaven, the ocean Star,
 Guide of the wand'rer here below:
 Thrown on life's surge, we claim thy care;
 Save us from peril and from woe:
 Mother of Christ, Star of the sea,
 Pray for the wand'rer, pray for me.

2 O gentle, chaste, and spotless Maid,
 We sinners make our prayers through thee;
 Remind thy Son that He has paid
 The price of our iniquity.
 Virgin most pure, Star of the sea,
 Pray for the sinner, pray for me.

3 Sojourners in this vale of tears,
 To thee blest Advocate, we cry ;
 Pity our sorrows, calm our fears,
 And soothe with hope our misery.
 Refuge in grief, Star of the sea,
 Pray for the mourner, pray for me.

4 And while to Him who reigns above,
 In Godhead One, in Person Three,
 The source of life, of grace, of love,
 Homage we pay on bended knee ;
 Do thou, bright Queen, Star of the sea,
 Pray for thy children, pray for me.

Mother Dear.

MOTHER dear, O pray for me,
 Whilst far from heav'n and thee,
 I wander in a fragile bark
 O'er life's tempestuous sea.
 O Virgin Mother, from thy throne,
 So bright in bliss above,
 Protect thy child, and cheer my path
 With thy sweet smile of love.
 Mother dear, remember me ;
 Never cease thy care,
 'Till in heaven eternally,
 Thy love and bliss I share.

Mother dear, O pray for me,
 Should pleasure's syren lay
 E'er tempt thy child to wander far
 From Virtue's path away ;

When thorns beset life's devious way,
 And darkling waters flow,
 Then, Mary, aid thy weeping child,
 Thyself a Mother show.
 Mother dear, &c.

Mother dear, O pray for me,
 When all looks bright and fair,
 That I may all my danger see,
 For surely then 'tis near
 A Mother's pray'r how much we need,
 If prosperous be the ray
 That paints with gold the flow'ry mead,
 Which blossoms in our way.
 Mother dear, &c.

Holy Mary, Mother Mild.

HOLY Mary, mother mild !
 Hear, O hear a feeble child,
 Who on life's tempestuous sea,
 Is cast alone : O, succor me !

Waves of sorrow o'er me roll,
 Storms of passion shake my soul !
 Dangers press on every side !
 Star of ocean be my guide.

Brightest in the courts above !
 Joy of angels ! queen of love !
 Comfort of the sorrowing, hear !
 And grief and tears will disappear

Rosa Mystica.

ROSE of the Cross thou mystic flower !

I lift my heart to thee :
In every melancholy hour,
Mary ! remember me.

A wanderer here, through many a wild,
Where few their way can see—
Bloom with fragrance on thy child ;
Mary ! remember me.

Let me but stand where thou hast stood,
Beside the crimson tree,
And by the water and the blood—
Mary ! remember me.

There let me wash my sinful soul,
And be from sin set free ;
Drawn by thy love, by grace made whole—
Mary ! remember me.

Lead me forever to adore
The glorious One in Three ;
And whilst I tremble more and more,—
Mary ! remember me.

Queen of the Skies.

QUEEN of the skies so brightly fair,
So mild, so chaste and meek,
We beg thy love, we claim thy care,
Thy children frail and weak.

Behold our prayers like incense rise,
 Queen of the skies,
 Mary, loved Mary, Queen of the skies.

The shadows of a sinful earth
 Are hov'ring o'er our way :
 Oh ! thou who gav'st a Saviour birth,
 Be thou our guide and stay,
 O turn on us thy loving eyes,
 Queen of the skies,
 Mary, loved Mary, Queen of the skies.

The perfumed wreath for thee we've twined
 To thee our voices raise,
 And round thy chaste and holy shrine
 We hymn our notes and praise.
 Oh ! hear our prayers, behold our sighs,
 Queen of the skies,
 Mary, loved Mary, Queen of the skies.

Bright Queen of Heaven.

BRIGHT Queen of Heaven,
 Virgin most fair,
 Mary most gentle,
 List to our prayer :
 Mother protect us,
 Aid to us bring,
 Sweetly enfold us
 'Neath thy shelt'ring wing,

Star of the ocean,
 Shedding soft light,
 Solace in sorrow,
 Rest 'mid the night :

Send, in our slumbers,
 Peace from above,
 Shine on us ever,
 Bright Star of Love.

Tho' night be lonely,
 Why should we fear,
 While thy soft gleaming
 Shineth so near ;
 Leading us gently
 'Mid darkling gloom,
 Beck'ning us onwards
 To our true home.

Soon may the morrow
 Of bright endless day
 Chase the drear visions
 Of dark night away ;
 Waft our lone spirits
 To Heaven's bright shore,
 Where we may love thee,
 And rest evermore.

Mary, Mother Sweet.

As the gentle Spring uncloses,
 And the Winter fades away,
 Sunlight glistens, lilies blow,
 As we greet the month of May ;
 As we hail its peerless Queen,
 Mary Mother of delight !
 In her own especial season,
 Sing her praise from morn to night.

Mary, Mother sweet !
 Mary, Mother fair !
 Virgin Queen discreet !
 Hear our prayer.
 Unto Jesus pray
 That each day
 We may grow like thee, our Queen of May.

May is Mary's—she is ours—
 Thus the month is *doubly* dear :
 As we crown her with our flowers.
 Angels gladly hover near ;
 And the blessed Jesus smiles
 On each humble votary,
 And our homage to His Mother
 Will requite most graciously.

Dearest Mother ! we remember
 How at one request of thine,
 Jesus at the marriage feast
 Changed the water into wine ;
 At our feast, ah ! let the flood
 Of our tears thy pity move,
 Beg, oh ! beg thy Son to change it
 To the wine of perfect love.

Sweet May,

"Tis the month of our Mother,
 The blessed and beautiful days,
 When our lips and our spirits
 Are glowing with love and with praise.

All hail ! to dear Mary,
 The guardian of our way !
 To the fairest of Queens
 Be the fairest of seasons—sweet May.

Oh ! what peace to her children,
 'Mid sorrow and trials to know,
 That the love of their Mother,
 Hath ever a solace for woe.

And what joy to the erring
 The sinful and sorrowful soul ;
 That a trust in her guidance
 Will lead to a glorious goal !

Let us sing then rejoicing,
 That God hath so honored our race,
 As to clothe with our nature
 Sweet Mary, the Mother of Grace.

And here at her Altars,
 Let pride and unkindness depart,
 For she loves not the praise
 Of a proud or a selfish heart.

But bring flowers of purity,
 Meekness, patience and love,
 They are garlands unfading
 The blossoms which open above.

And the heart of our Mother
 Will glow with a hallowed delight,
 And the buds of this May time
 No wind of the winter can blight.

Maiden Mother.

O H Maiden Mother,
Tender and mild,
Oh take me for thy child !
And through life's journey
Oh let it be
My joy to think of thee !

When my eyes are closed in sleep,
Through the night my slumbers keep ;
Make my latest thought to be,
How to love thy Son and thee.
Oh Maiden Mother, &c.

Teach me when the sunbeam bright
Calls me with its golden light,
How my waking thoughts may be
Turn'd to Jesus and to thee.

Oh Maiden Mother, &c.

And, oh teach me through the day
Oft to raise my heart and say,
“ Maiden Mother, meek and mild,
Guard, oh guard thy humble child ! ”
Oh Maiden Mother, &c.

Thus, sweet Mother, day and night
Thou shalt guide my steps aright ;
And my dying words shall be,
“ Virgin Mother, pray for me ! ”

Oh Maiden Mother, &c.

Bright Mother of our Maker.

BRIGHT Mother of our Maker, hail !

Thou Virgin ever blessed,
The ocean's star by which we sail,
And gain the port of rest.

Whilst we this ave thus to thee,

From Gabriel's mouth rehearse,
Prevail that peace our lot may be,
And Eva's name reverse.

Release our long entangled mind,

From all the snares of ill ;
With heavenly light instruct the blind
And all our vows fulfil.

Exert for us a mother's care,

And us thy children own ;
Prevail with Him to hear our prayer,
Who chose to be thy Son.

O, spotless Maid ! whose virtues shine

With brightest purity,
Each action of our lives refine,
And make us pure like thee.

The Sodalist's Hymn.

CHILDREN of Mary, high your voices raise !

Ye on whom she cast her tender eye ;
Children of God, sing her immortal praise,
And all exalt her glory to the sky.

Children of Mary, high your voices raise !

Children of God, sing her immortal praise.

I see, ascending to her glorious throne,
 The fervent prayer of every faithful child,
 Each heart erects an altar to her name,
 Where Mary lives in everlasting fame.

Hail Mary.

HAIL Mary, queen, and virgin pure !
 With every grace replete ;
 Hail, kind protectress of the poor !
 Pity our needy state.

O thou who fillest the highest place,
 Next heaven's imperial throne,
 Obtain for us each saving grace,
 And make our wants thine own.

How oft, when trouble filled my breast,
 Or sin my conscience pained,
 Through thee I sought for peace and rest,
 Through thee I peace obtained.

Then, hence, in all my pains and cares,
 I'll seek for help in thee ;
 E'er trusting, through thy powerful prayers,
 To gain eternity.

See the Paraclete Descending.

SEE the Paraclete descending,
 Burning with celestial fire ;
 Grace and truth on Him attending,
 Men with heavenly love inspire.

Let us Alleluias singing
 Offer him our grateful lays,
 He all heavenly graces bringing,
 Merits everlasting praise.

Men in very danger fearing,
 Now the greatest dangers scorn ;
 Amidst tortures persevering,
 Show themselves in Christ new-born.

Fishermen by thee instructed,
 Jesus to the world proclaim ;
 Infants by thy grace conducted,
 Rather die than slight His name.

Idols fall, the Devil ceasing,
 O'er the world to be adored ;
 Faith and love by thee increasing,
 All confess Thee, sovereign Lord.

Christmas Hymn.

SEE amid the winter's snow,
 Born for us on earth below,
 See the tender Lamb appears,
 Promis'd from eternal years.

Hail, thou ever-blessed morn !
 Hail, redemption's happy dawn !
 Sing through all Jerusalem,
 Christ is born in Bethlehem !

“ Say, ye holy shepherds, say
 What’s your joyful news to-day ?
 Wherefore have ye left your sheep
 On the lonely mountain steep ?”

“ As we watch’d at dead of night,
 Lo ! we saw a wondrous light ;
 Angels singing, ‘ Peace on earth,’
 Told us of the Saviour’s birth !”

Teach, oh teach us, holy Child,
 By thy face so meek and mild,
 Teach us to resemble thee
 In thy sweet humility.

Virgin Mother ! Mary blest !
 By the joys that fill thy breast,
 Pray for us, that we may prove
 Worthy of the Saviour’s love.

A New Christmas Hymn.

WITH glory lit, the midnight air
 Revealed bright angels hov’ring there :
 In fear beheld the raptured swains
 When rose the heaven inspired strains.

Glory, glory, glory to God, and peace
 to earth, and peace to earth,
 Made glorious by the Saviour’s birth,
 by the Saviour’s birth.

Then sweetly spoke the angelic voice,
 " Fear not ; let heaven and earth rejoice :
 The child in Bethlehem's crib that lies,
 Is God descended from the skies."

The choirs of Heaven still bless the morn,
 When God through love for man was born :
 That God we humbly bow before,
 And praise with angels and adore.

Dear Guardian of Mary.

DEAR guardian of Mary ! dear nurse of her child !
 Life's ways are full weary, the desert is wild ;
 Bleak sands are all round us, no home can we see ;
 Sweet spouse of our Lady ! we lean upon thee.

For thou to the pilgrim art father and guide,
 And Jesus and Mary felt safe by thy side ;
 Ah ! blessed St. Joseph, how safe should I be,
 Sweet spouse of our Lady ! if thou wert with me !

O blessed St. Joseph ! how great was thy worth,
 The one chosen shadow of God upon earth,
 The father of Jesus—ah ! then wilt thou be,
 Sweet spouse of our Lady ! a father to me.

God chose thee for Jesus and Mary—wilt thou
 Forgive a poor exile for choosing thee now ?
 There's no saint in heaven, St. Joseph, like thee,
 Sweet spouse of our Lady ! O deign to love me !

St. Joseph.

HOLY Patron ! thee saluting,
 Here we meet with hearts sincere,
 Blest St. Joseph, all uniting,
 Call on thee, to hear our prayer.
 Happy saint, in bliss adoring
 Jesus, Saviour of mankind,
 Hear thy children thee imploring,
 May we thy protection find.

Worldly dangers for them fearing,
 Youthful hearts to thee we bring,
 Grant, in virtue persevering,
 Vice may ne'er their bosom sting.
 Happy saint, &c.

Thou, who faithfully attended
 Him whom heaven and earth adore ;
 Who, with pious care defended
 Mary, Virgin ever pure.
 Happy saint, &c.

May our fervent prayers ascending,
 Move thee for our souls to plead ;
 May thy smile of peace descending,
 Benedictions on us shed,
 Happy saint, &c.

Through this life, O watch around us,
 Fill with love our every breath,
 And when parting fear surrounds us,
 Guide us through the toils of death.
 Happy saint, &c.

St. Ignatius.

YE angels now be glad,
 And thou exult, O earth !
 Loyola's happy shade,
 Rejoice at thy Saint's birth.

Loyola's son all hail,
 By angels crowned above,
 Ignatius, father dear,
 Accept thy children's love.

On Pampeluna's walls
 The leader of the band,
 Behold our youthful Saint
 Defend his native land.

Stretched on a bed of pain,
 Christ's holy life he reads,
 While for his mis-spent youth
 His heart now sorely bleeds.

Begone, O sinful world,
 "I'll never serve thee more."
 He cries "I'll bear the cross,
 Which Jesus for me bore."

He kneels at Mary's shrine,
 And humbly hangs his sword,
 Resolved to seek through life
 The glory of the Lord.

St. Patrick.

ALL praise to St. Patrick, who brought to our mountains

The gift of God's faith, the sweet light of his love !
All praise to the Shepherd who showed us the foun-
tains

That rise in the heart of the Saviour above !

For hundreds of years,

In smiles and in tears,

Our Saint hath been with us, our shield and our stay !

All else may have gone—

St. Patrick alone—

He hath been to us light, when earth's lights were all
set,

For the glories of faith they can never decay,
And the best of our glories is bright with us yet,
In the faith and the feast of St. Patrick's day.

There is not a Saint in the bright courts of Heaven,

More faithful than he to the land of his choice,
Oh well may the nation to whom he was given,

In the feast of their sire and apostle rejoice.

In glory above,

True to his love,

He keeps the false faith from his children away,

The dark false faith—

Far worse than death—

Oh he drives it far off from the green sunny shore,

Like the reptiles which fled from his curse in dismay,
And Erin when Error's proud triumph is o'er,

Will still be found keeping St. Patrick's day.

Then what shall we do for the heaven-sent father ;
 What shall the proof of our loyalty be ?
 By all that is dear to our hearts, we would rather
 Be martyred, sweet Saint, than bring shame upon
 thee ?
 But oh, he will take
 The promise we make,
 So to live that our lives, by God's help, may display,
 The light that he bore
 To Erin's shore.

Yes ! Father of Ireland ! no child wilt thou own,
 Whose life is not lighted by grace on its way ;
 For they are true Irish, ah, yes, they alone,
 Whose hearts are all true on St. Patrick's day.

St. Aloysius.

THE youth who wealth and courts despised,
 His spotless mind above to raise,
 Who every rising thought chastised,
 'Tis Aloysius claims our lays.
 Amiable and angelic youth,
 Aloysius, pray for us.

His infant words, the first he frames,
 He utters with a trembling voice ;
 Jesus and Mary, hallowed names,
 Dwell on his lips, and speak his choice.

Delighting in the Lord alone,
 All earthly pleasures he forsakes,
 And ere yet half to manhood grown,
 His virgin vows to Mary makes.

Enamored of celestial joys,

“ Let pride and wealth my choice withstand,
I scorn their gifts, they are but toys,”

He said, and joins Loyola’s band.

To gain perfection’s utmost height

He tries, nor was his trial vain ;
Of sanctity a model bright

He stands, a mirror clear of stain.

St. Agnes.

Oh holy martyr—spotless dove,

With joy we celebrate thy day ;
Thou dwellest now in bliss above,

Where tyrants o’er thee have no sway.

Sweet Agnes, let thy pleading voice,
For us at mercy’s throne be heard.

Thy cruel sufferings all are past,

A crown of glory decks thy brow ;
Celestial light is round thee cast,

And God is thine forever now.

Oh pray that we may ever seek

To be as free as thou from stain ;
As constant, fervent, pure and meek,

Regardless of earth’s fleeting pain.

And, holy saint, be this our prayer,

That prizes not the world’s renown,
Through trials it may be our care,

To strive but for a heavenly crown.

St. Catherine's Ballad.

SAINT Catherine, she was a maiden mild—

Saint Catherine, she was a maiden pure ;
And after her prayers she lov'd the books
That show us to heaven the pathway sure.

O Saint Catherine meek !

O Saint Catherine pure !

The wisest doctors of Egypt came

To prove that the Catholic faith was wrong,
They reasoned for hours, and brought out their books,
For they all were mighty in wits and tongue.

Saint Catherine stood before them all

So humble—she trusted in Heaven alone ;
She proved that the Catholic faith was right,
'Till there they sat, as dumb as a stone.

Now what did the king and his courtiers do,

When none of them all could answer a word ?
They said she no longer was fit to live,
And cut off her innocent head with a sword.

But far away to a holy mount,

Bright angels in triumph St. Catherine bore ;
And now in the courts above she reigns,
With Christ and His Mother for evermore.

O dear Saint Catherine ! pray for us now ;

Help us to keep our faith's true light :
For we are in struggle with danger and sin,
And you are in heaven, where all is bright.

Evening Hymn.

SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go ;
 Thy word into our midst instil ;
 And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
 With lowly love and fervent will.
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle Jesus, be our light.

The day is done, its hours have run ;
 And Thou hast taken count of all,—
 The scanty triumphs grace has won,
 The broken vow, the frequent fall.
 Through life's long day, &c.

Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
 True absolution and release ;
 And bless us more than in past days
 With purity and inward peace.
 Through life's long day, &c.

Do more than pardon ; give us joy,
 Sweet fear and sober liberty ;
 And simple hearts without alloy,
 That only long to be like Thee.
 Through life's long day, &c.

Christians, to the War.

CHRISTIANS, to the war ! gather from afar ;
 Hark, hark ! the word is given ;
 Jesus bids us fight “for God and the right,”
 And for Mary, the Queen of Heaven.

Now first for thee, thou wicked world,
 Puff'd up with godless pomp and pageant,
 Avenging grace to humble thee
 Can make the weakest arm its agent.

And thou, dark fiend, six thousand years
 The Bride of Christ in vain tormenting,
 Shall find our hate and scorn of thee
 Deep as thine own, and unrelenting.

Ah, self! so oft forgiven, thou
 Canst play no part but that of traitor ;
 We spare thy life, but thou must bear
 The felon's brand, the captive's fetter.

But worse than devil, flesh, or world,
 Human respect, like poison creeping,
 Chills and unnerves the host of Christ,
 When weary war-worn hearts are sleeping.

Like lions roaring for their prey,
 Armies of foes are round us trooping ;
 What then ? see ! countless angels come
 To heal the hurt, to raise the drooping.

Then bravely, comrades, to the fight,
 With shout and song each other cheering ;
 Strength not our own from heaven descends,—
 The sun breaks out, the clouds are clearing.

On to the gates of Sion, on !
 Break through the foe with fresh endeavour ;
 We'll hang our colors up in heaven,
 When peace shall be proclaim'd for ever.

Faith of our fathers.

FAITH of our fathers, living still,
 In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword ;
 O, how our hearts beat high with joy
 When'er we hear that glorious word !

Faith of our fathers, holy Faith,
 We will be true to thee till death.

Our fathers chain'd in prisons dark
 Were still in heart and conscience free ;
 How sweet would be their children's fate,
 If they, like them, could die for thee !

Faith of our fathers ; Mary's prayers
 Shall win our country all to thee ;
 And through the truth that comes from God,
 O, then indeed we shall be free.

Faith of our fathers, we will love
 Both friend and foe in all our strife,
 And preach thee too, as love knows how,
 By kindly words and virtuous life.

Jerusalem the Golden.

JERUSALEM the golden !
 With milk and honey blest,
 Beneath thy contemplation
 Sink heart and voice oppress'd :
 I know not—O, I know not
 What joys await us there ;
 What radiancy of glory,
 What bliss beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Sion,
 All jubilant with song,
 And bright with many an Angel,
 And all the Martyr Throng :
 The Prince is ever in them,
 His light is always seen ;
 The pastures of the blessed
 Are dec'k in glorious sheen.

There is the Throne of David,
 And bliss without alloy,
 The shout of them that triumph,
 The song of festal joy ;
 And they who with their Leader
 Have conquer'd in the fight
 For ever and for ever
 Are dress'd in robes of white.

O sweet and blessed country,
 The home of God's elect !
 O sweet and blessed country,
 That eager hearts expect !
 Jesu, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest ;
 Who art, with God the Father,
 And Spirit, ever blest !

The Soldiers of Christ,

HARK the sound of the fight hath gone forth,
 And we must not tarry at home ;
 For our Lord from the South and the North
 Has commanded His soldiers to come.

We must on with our banner unfurl'd :

We must on : 'tis Jesus who leads :
We must hasten to conquer the world,

With the sign of the Lamb who bleeds.

We must stand to our colors like men :

Our Lord is a Leader to love :
For the wounded He heals ! and the slain
He crowns in His city above.

We must march to the battle with speed :

Upon earth our one duty is strife :
O how blest are the soldiers who bleed
For the Saviour who died to give life.

There is Jesus in Heaven above,

There is Jesus on earth below ;
And His the one Standard we love—

And His the one watchword we know.—
Let us sing the new song of the Lamb—

Let us sing round our Banner so brave,
Let us sing of that beautiful Blood
Which was shed to redeem and to save.

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